

A LIKENESS OF A LIKENESS.

(By a Theatre-visiting Impressionist.)

At the St. James's. A well-written play excellently acted and perfectly staged. All of the best. Mrs. KENDAL exquisite. Full of charm always, and in the second act powerful to a degree, and in the third tear-compelling. At her best. Mr. KENDAL smooth, suave, delightful. The easy man of the world, who would pass as "a good chap." When the time arrives for pathos, pathetic. At his best. Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE worthy third of an admirable trio. At her best. Carefully selected company. Miss KATE BISHOP—recalling by her pleasing presence recollections of romantic domestic drama when she played in *About Town* at the first Royal Court Theatre, well, some years ago—good as ever. At her best. In fact, all in all, nothing could be better than *The Likeness of the Night*.

But. Is there a but? Well, the story. What about the story? A good-natured kind of man marries for money. He is absolutely correct in his conduct to his wife. No "cruelty" of any kind that Sir FRANCIS JEUNE would recognise. Well-conducted *ménage* in Onslow Gardens, but a trifle *triste*. Possibly enervating effect of South Kensington air, said to be relaxing. Second *ménage* at Hampstead. Wife discovers the secret and then commits suicide. Widower marries at Hampstead. Second wife the earliest love of his heart. Would have married her at first had it not been that the lady had passed out of his life when the temptation of a perfectly suitable wife with an equally suitable banking account crossed him. Then the suitable wife commits suicide, and lets the newly-married pair know the manner of her death. A pleasant legacy!

And what do the newly-married pair say? Something to the effect that a pale face peering from the waves (the vindictive wife had thrown herself into the sea) will separate them for ever. Nonsense. Probably, in this prosaic age, the husband would have observed, "My own, of course we are very sorry indeed about poor dear fanciful MILDRED. But really, take it all round, we did our level best to behave well under the peculiar circumstances of the case. You tried to avoid wounding her feelings—so did I. You cooped yourself up at Hampstead, seeing no one, and I suffered martyrdom in attending the dreariest of five-o'clock teas at Onslow Gardens. If it had not been for your well-conducted dinners I don't know what I should have done. At last, when I thought all was going well, she passes away in the most natural manner in the world. Everything comes right, when she lets us know—I can't help saying, a bit spitefully—that she has committed suicide. If she had really loved me, I don't think she



Gent (rushing out of club in a terrific hurry). "I SAY, CABBY, DRIVE AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO WATERLOO—LEATHERHEAD!"

Cabby. "'ERE, I SAY, NOT SO MUCH OF YOUR LEATHER'ED, IF YOU PLEASE!"

[Goes off grumbling.]

would have done that." "Yes," wife No. 2 would have replied, "I don't think it was quite nice of her. Don't let us think any more about her." And probably she would have gone from their memory.

METEOROLOGICAL MUSIC.—That eminent entertainer, composer, actor and vocalist, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, would be well advised were he to adapt as a solo to the requirements of the barometer in continuously wet weather his capital song of "You can't get a rise out of I."

PROBABLE RESULT OF A TRIP OF THE AERO CLUB.—(Balloon rises and reaches Jupiter.) Sentry. Where do you come from? Guide-in-chief (in car). Why, from the Earth—the World. Sentry. From where? Guide-in-chief (repeating). From the Earth, you know, near the planet Mars. The Earth—the World! Sentry. The Earth, the World? Never heard of them! Can't rest here! Clear! [Balloon descends.]

A TIP.—"Rather a sore point with some people"—the nose in very cold weather.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

I.

AT THE CARLTON RESTAURANT.

YES, as you justly say, the times are bad,
 And yield a very bitter food for thought
 To whoso loves his country. Take this war
 Whereof the promised end is still to seek.
 I miss that manhood's rage of sacrifice
 Responsive on the instant call to arms
 Which sent us out one-third per cent., no less,
 Of all our able-bodied—I myself,
 Though bachelor, in what request you know,
 Had most indubitably volunteered
 But for the claims of service nearer home,
 A mine to run, a broad estate to nurse,
 A thousand faithful workmen's throats to fill,
 Capital's task that keeps our England great
 By those same means that made us what we are.
 (Waiter! another Veuve, the '91.)
 And here's this public, zealous-hot of late,
 Incurious now how long the business lasts,
 Impatient only of the tardy end
 When it awakes at intervals to note
 Its pockets nearly touched—not theirs alone,
 The plutocrats', but such as yours and mine,
 The not-too-grasping (try those ortolans!)
 Who own a paltry million, say, apiece,
 And shrewdly feel the pinch of imminent need,
 Being mulet i' th' matter o' duty laid on coal,
 Or tax on income earned by sweat of brow.
 You blame the Government, and rightly too—
 Supposed expert at rounding off a war,
 And kept for just that end by you and me,
 Who pay them amply, getting no results.
 And these young carpet captains, blue of blood,
 Sleek idlers, players o' polo, sporting lights,
 Pets of the women, pampered, overfed—
 (You pass the *soufflé*? 'Tis the local chef's
 Unique creation!)—overfed, I say,
 Gapingly void of what intelligence
 The leadership of fighting men demands!
 Why, there 's a scandal exigent of reform!
 Brave, are they? Well, and what of that? say I;
 It 's in the incurable English bones of us.
 Instance what courage served i' th' face of odds
 To lift our parents up the primal rungs
 O' th' ladders you and I command to-day;—
 Sheer dogged pluck! but, look you, closely wed
 With craftsman's wit, eye ope and ear alert
 On track o' th' main chance, unattainable else.
 Plain working virtues these, and left intact
 To us the inheritors, who need them less
 Yet use them still to keep the thing they won!
 Pass, next, to art and letters; how explain
 The mediocrity that gets us known
 For "Europe's Suburb" (good PINERO's phrase),
 Save on the ground of overflowing wealth,
 Luxury's curse (a kummel with your ice?
 It aids digestion!) luxury's curse that kills
 These soft creative fancies in the bud?
 Not so with our superb commercial gifts!
 For where, by now, had England's name declined
 Had we, the heirs of easy competence,
 So far forgot the duty owed ourselves
 As to repose our talents under earth
 In lieu of turning them to noble ends,
 Divinely discontent with what we have,
 Insatiate of extracting more from much?

Thank Heaven! the Stock Exchange is with us still,
 A Spartan remedy good against the germs
 Of general dissolution. This away,
 I dare not think what fate should overwhelm
 A land so sunk in comfortable sloth.

Another peach? You're sure? Then we'll adjourn
 To th' hall below for coffee and cigars.
 Where did we take it last the Turkish way?
 Ah, yes, the Place Vendôme! You run across
 From time to time to patronise the Ritz?
 I also; still, for ordinary use,
 Being a busy man with simple tastes,
 I find the Carlton good enough for me.

O. S.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

(NOTE FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

SCENE—A churchyard sloping down to the English Channel. A church of hoary age, famous for its collection of skulls dating back to the era of the Saxon invasion. A still, late autumn evening. In the distance, painted ships upon a painted ocean. In the near foreground, two children playing hide-and-seek round an upright tombstone. Two old women, in rusty black frocks with ancient shawls, stroll into view. One walks with a crutch which serves to keep her foot out of an open grave dug this morning.

First Old Woman (looking sharply at the open grave). JASE MARIA FAGG doesn't mind it now. I remember me when she was always up here on Sunday afternoons putting flowers on his grave.

Second Old Woman. Ah, but 'e's been there a long time now. [They seat themselves on a tombstone.]

First O. W. Some folk don't seem to like churchyards. I must say I allus do.

Second O. W. Yes, it's so quiet.

First O. W. It's getting very crowded.

Second O. W. And it's only ten year last Michaelmas they took in a bit of the medder.

First O. W. I'm told that they're buryin' them three deep now.

Second O. W. Aye, that'll make a nice difference. I was going to be buried up to Burntwood. It's a nice place to lie in, but it's a long way off for your friends afterwards. I'm going to lie atop of my sister and her husband over there.

[Nodding with pleased appreciation at a neighbouring grave.]

First O. W. (cheerfully). I do trust they're not dug up. You know, ground being scarce, they have to make room.

Second O. W. (chuckling). Aye, they've got to keep the crypt up.

First O. W. (suspecting there's a joke somewhere, and, not seeing it, inclined to be nasty). Drat them childer, they're pulling a 'sturtion. (After a pause.) What do you mean by yer crypt?

Second O. W. Why, you know, where they keep the bones of the early Saxons killed at Waterloo; naterally they crumble away and must be kept up.

First O. W. Just so. Was yer parents buried here?

Second O. W. Only my father, and that's sixty years ago. He's over there. [Nodding towards the bleak side of the church.]

First O. W. (firmly). He's been dug up by this.

Second O. W. Sure to.

First O. W. (after a prolonged pause). I do say, whatever others may think, I like sittin' in the evenin' in the churchyard.

Second O. W. Yes. After a cup of tea it's soothing like.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.—It is not encouraging to the character of the City of London for commercial honesty that its first Lord Mayor (*vide* letter to the *Times*, Nov. 13) was, in the Old English spelling of the word, a "Legge."



TRAFFIC-EOTOMY.

Dr. L-and-n C-nly C-ne-l (to his patient, Father London). "FEEL A CHOKING SENSATION, EH? AH—A BIT CONGESTED. YOU SMOKE TOO MUCH. WHAT YOU WANT IS A LITTLE SYSTEM OF TUBES—QUITE A SIMPLE OPERATION!"

N

A

V

Y

H

H

A

T

H

H

In

He

(O

He

Ho

Ne

Th

O

Hi

Th

A

An

A

Th

T

But

S

He

A

Some

T

Have

T

The

H

And

It

Our

T

Who

H

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. V.—HOMER THEOPHILUS RENTON.

(Concluded.)

A DINING club there was of men
Prepared to puff their fellows;
Whoever wielded brush or pen,
The rest applied the bellows.

Young RENTON needed wind to fan
His dull poetic embers;
He much approved the puffing plan,
And so he joined the members.

His early efforts were not high—
A Triolet, or Sonnet,
An Ode to ARAMINTA'S Eye,
A Ballade on her Bonnet.

These little tricks of sentiment
Were voted fine, but finer
His "Stanzas to our President
Considered as a Diner."

He exercised his intellect
On "CELIA going Shrimping,"
In thirty lines of poor effect,
As limp as they were limping.

He hymned her pink and tender toes
Divested of their stocking
(Of course the beggar called it "hose,"
And seemed to think it shocking).

He praised her ankle trim and neat,
And said, about her tootsies,
How sweet a sight a pair of feet
Without a pair of boots is.

Next he composed a Villanelle
(He knew that if you rub men
The right way down you please them
well)

On all his fellow club-men.

His fellow club-men cheered the lad,
His praise with praises matching;
They scratched his back, for each one
had

A back that wanted scratching.

And so in time he came to be,
Although he did his work ill,
The poet of a coterie,
The singer of a circle.

But soon he felt ambition stir;
Such private praise seemed stinted;
He found a pliant publisher,
And got his poems printed.

Some poets, men of heart and soul,
The sort that fame is bright with,
Have private stacks of native coal
To keep their fire alight with.

They count no cost, but feed the flame,
However small their earning,
And give no heed to praise or blame
If but the fire keeps burning.

Our hero worked in other ways
To eke his bardic fate out:
Where others heaped with coal the
blaze
He went and raked the grate out.



C. W. STANLEY

Miss Featherhead. "I HOPE YOU ARE FEELING BETTER TO-DAY, MR. BOREHAM!"

Mr. B. "No, I'M VERY DULL AND LOW-SPRITED."

Miss F. "Ah, BUT YOU SEEM MORE YOURSELF!"

Then, sifting through his metric sieves
These literary cinders,
He took some good infinitives
And split them into flinders.

(You see I drop the metaphor,
But metaphors are vexing;
To keep them up grows more and more
Unspeakingly perplexing.)

Of random rhymes he had a pack
By which he was outwitted
And dragged—he couldn't call them
back—

Beyond what sense permitted.

Nay, sometimes he was cockneyfied,
And when the day was "dawning,"
The poet all the rules defied,
And made it rhyme with "morning."

Some ravening critics left their cage—
They bared their teeth for tearing—
And took each palpitating page
And rent it past repairing.

They plied their most sarcastic pens
To make the poet rue it;
ROMELKE sent the specimens,
And so the author knew it.

Nothing availed this first defeat
To keep the man from fighting:
He owned a bullet-proof conceit,
And simply went on writing.

Let Culture, when she hears his name,
Deny his reputation,—
A sort of poet he became
By force of iteration.

And, quoted in no causerie,
Nor talked about in leaders,
By some strange chance he seems to be
A man of many readers. R. C. L.

SUGGESTED MOTTO OF THE NEW PRINCE
AND PRINCESS OF WALES (in view of the
many banquets to which they have been
bidden). "I'dine," instead of "Ich dien."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As the hand of the dyer is subdued to the colour of the liquid he works in, so is the pen of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN steeped in the colour of the old French Court. *Count Hannibal* (SMITH, ELDER) presents a series of vivid pictures of the Court of CHARLES THE NINTH, and of life beyond its precincts. The story opens with a dramatic scene in the Louvre on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. That long-drawn tragedy is dashed on the pages in all its lurid terror. Interest properly centres round the hero, *Count Hannibal*, a ruthless soldier, lured first by passion, gradually enchained in the links of love. The strange thing in the Court of CHARLES THE NINTH is the circumstance that the object of his affection is his wedded wife. The wedding, like the wooing, is an affair that deepens my Baronite's longing for the good old times. *Count Hannibal* is, at least to begin with, what we in these days should call a ruffian. So skilful is the art of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN that the fierce Count gradually wins his way into the reader's esteem, as, after picturesque vicissitudes, he does into his wife's heart. This original and striking character is cleverly contrasted with the Huguenot lover, a well-intentioned but wavering reed.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY's work possesses, as a rule, the definite charm of individuality. Her latest novel, *The Spindle and Plough* (HEINEMANN), is bright and attractively interesting. Though not quite so strong as her *Folly Corner*, it is considerably superior to the ordinary novel. Evidently the gardening mania, which has affected much of the literature this year, has given Mrs. DUDENEY the ingenious idea of making her heroine an uncommon specimen of the "woman gardener." The characters all stand out well defined, but none so absolutely as the feather-headed, vain, elderly mother, from whom the girl learns to regard matrimony with the utmost aversion. Hence the title. A fresh, breezy, healthy story.

The Young Barbarians (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with whom IAN McLAREN deals, are the boys at Muirtown Seminary. They are real flesh and blood and fist boys. The atmosphere of the school breathes over every page. *Splueg* (Scottish for sparrow), a name bestowed by the boys in recognition of his impudence, his courage, his endurance, his cockiness, and his boundless ingenuity in mischief, is a delightful boy—though not for the best parlour. So, on another level, is *Duncan Robertson*. The account of their rescuing from embrace of the swift Tay the little English boy, *Nestie*, is in its humour and pathos equal to anything IAN McLAREN has written. After all, doubtless unintentionally, possibly unknowingly, the best character in the book is that of the old writing and mathematical master, *Dugald MacKinnon*, known to the boys as "Bulldog." He is almost as good as the Doctor, dear to Drumtochty. My Baronite feels that in the way of praise of portraiture it is difficult to go beyond that admission.

MARION CRAWFORD is at his very best in *Marietta, A Maid of Venice* (MACMILLAN & Co.). It is a powerfully dramatic story of Venice under "The Ten," told in a series of picturesque scenes described in strikingly artistic word-painting, the action being carried on by well-imagined, clearly-defined characters. Perfect is the description of Venice, and of the hour of *Ace Maria*. Hero and heroine are skilfully drawn types; while the quaint old salt *Pasquale*, retired from active naval service and now gate-porter to *Beroviero*, the celebrated glass-blower, is drawn with the keenest sense of humour. The revenge taken by *Anstarchi*, the pirate, on the Venetian aristocratic dandy, *Contarini*, is deliciously original. Altogether, the Baron has no hesitation in pronouncing this romance equal to the best among the same author's notable contributions to romantic literature.

The Wouldbegoods, by E. NESBIT (T. FISHER UNWIN), is more or less a sequel to the *Treasure Seekers*, which was the starting-point of this interesting yet every-day family of boys and girls. Their further adventures, and the practical formation of their

society of *Wouldbegoods* is full of thrilling interest. A book to be read with pleasure by even those old enough to have passed that period of life when naughtiness has its own peculiar phase of enjoyment. "But," asks the Baron of himself, "what 'period of life' may 'that' be?"

No better gift book could be found for a boy than G. A. HENTY's latest work, entitled *At the Point of the Bayonet*, effectively illustrated by WAL PAGET. It is an exciting tale of the Mahratta War, full of hard fighting, gallant rescues, and narrow escapes. *Harry Lindsay* is a most attractive hero, and one for whom all readers will have an intense admiration. The boys who are so fortunate as to get the book as a Christmas present will enjoy many hours of supreme delight. As for the taking title, it sounds sensational, as naturally would be the position of anyone "at the point of the bayonet." The above and the three following are from Messrs. BLACKIE AND SON.

In the *Days of Prince Hal*; or, *The Little Forester*. H. ELINGTON tells a pretty story of a forester's children, *Wat* and *Hal Wainflete*, calculated to please youthful readers. The scene is laid in the New Forest. Encountering many adventures and enduring great misfortune, *Hal* proves himself a thorough hero. My Juniorest Baronitess informs me that she highly commends this tale. *A Little Irish Girl* (J. M. CALLWELL) gives us the story of *Norah O'Brien* and her small brother *Mamus*, who, in their encounters with seals, with smugglers, with a hard-hearted uncle, and with a ghost, come off triumphant. Capitably told and well worth reading. *For the Old School*, by FLORENCE COOMBE, is a spirited story for boys, well illustrated by PAUL HARDY, whose name suggests that, were there a *Gardeners' Book* published regularly every Christmas, this artist should be engaged upon designs in the "Hardy Annual" department.

Mrs. BOYD spent a pleasant *Versailles Christmas-tide* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), and succeeds in drawing the reader within the circle of pleasure. As she confesses, *Versailles* at Christmas is a hopelessly dull place. But gentle dullness, hard to suffer at close quarters, is agreeable enough to study when chatted of by Mrs. BOYD, her conversation illuminated by the drawings of A. S. B. Of these there are fifty-three, done on the spot, instinct with life and colour, of denizens in the old French town. Mrs. BOYD has a quiet sense of humour, which scintillates over the pages. Any in search of an attractive Christmas present should look up this dainty volume.

Unfortunately for Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *A Christmas Carol* delighted the world many years before Mr. GRANT RICHARDS published *Santa Claus's Partner*. Undeterred by that circumstance, he has undertaken to write over again CHARLES DICKENS's masterpiece. Rarely has a similar task been carried out with such daringly close parallel. For *Old Scrooge* in his counting house in the heart of the City of London we have *Berryman Livingstone* "seated in his cushioned chair in his inner private office in the best office building in the City" of New York. His over-worked, under-paid clerk is not *Bob Cratchit* but *John Clark*. *Tiny Tim* becomes the little daughter of Mr. Clark. For the rest, there is a Christmas Eve party at the house of the poor clerk, into which the rich employer, converted to Christmas, bursts, carries off the little girl in his sledge, buys up the contents of a toy-shop, loads a Christmas-tree, and finally not only pays off the mortgage on his clerk's house, but takes him into partnership. From this it will be perceived that Mr. PAGE is a bold man. My Baronite confesses that, having read both books, he prefers *The Christmas Carol*. All the same, *Santa Claus's Partner* is a very pretty story.

ALLEN UPWARD's romance, entitled *The Ambassador's Adventure* (CASSELL & Co., Limited), would be as much to the taste of the lover of "sensation" as a woodcock in season to the gourmet, were it not that the story suffers, as would the dainty little bird, from being overdone. It has yet another fault, and that is its form, since it is presented to the reader as a narrative told by the Ambassador himself, for no particular purpose, to



M. F. H. "HOLD HARD! HOLD HARD, PLEASE!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT BRUTE?"
 Diana (plaintively). "I WISH I KNEW!"

an attentive listener, much as the Ancient Mariner button-holed the wedding guest, only that in this case the listener is ready and willing, while the Ambassador is as a "blessed Ben-deveer," whose peculiar privilege it was to be loquacious at the expense of a victimised listener. The story, which commences well and fairly excites the curiosity of the reader, acquires, as it proceeds, a flavour of burlesque which is fatal to its realism. A secret anti-Anarchist "Royal Society" is an idea that should prove valuable to a librettist of comic opera, associated with a safely popular composer, but which, worked out as it is by ALLEN UPWARD, is fatal to a romance intended to be taken seriously. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN AFFAIR OF ART.

SCENE—Breakfast Room.

"CURIOUS assembly this, Aunt dear," quoth young LARKYNS, reading the *Times* aloud to his excellent relative: "Many of them emerge for almost the first time from their old homes."—What a treat for them, poor dears! To see some artistic works? How nice!—"and scarcely any have been seen lately in London"—no indeed! rather too foggy!—"galleries or sale rooms. ROMNEY'S *Mrs. Trotter*"—ahem! Who is 'ROMNEY'S *Mrs. Trotter*'? and why isn't she 'Mister TROTTER'S *Mrs. TROTTER*'? I should like to know! Oh, don't tell me—go on!—"and the Constable"—Good heavens!—"being among the few exceptions."—"Thank you! I don't want any more police news," said Mr. L.'s aunt. "But I must say I am glad that 'Mrs. TROTTER' was trotted off by the constable. Whoever she is, she ought to be ashamed of herself." [Needless perhaps to explain that Mrs. L.'s nephew was giving the old lady an extract from the *Times* report of the GAINSBOROUGHS—the Dear Duchess' included—and other pictures on view at the Agnew Gallery.]

THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH.

(Suburban Version.)

COME, buckle tight my hauberk on, and reach me down my pike,
 My breast to shield from peril, and the enemy to strike,
 And, boldly as I venture forth to wage the conflict fell,
 Lady, I crave one last fond kiss, and bid one more farewell.

Ho! comrades, muster for the fray, be neither slow nor slack,
 Seize every coigne of vantage, and make ready the attack;
 And take what cover best ye may to ward off counterblows,
 Then on, press onward with the cry, "Confusion to our foes!"

We wage no far-off conflict with Afridi or with Boer,
 A present peril we must face, our foes are at the door;
 Brave must he be of heart, and as a flint must set his face,
 Who in the train at Finsbury Park would struggle for a place.

COMPLIMENTARY CHORUS,

WHICH the worthy *Maestro*, MEYER LUTZ, may arrange as a Complement of the Complimentary Matinée to be given Thursday, 28th November, 1.30 P.M., at the Gaiety Theatre, where for so many many years he, as *Chef d'Orchestre*, conducted his men to victory after victory.

Ensemble.

We give thee all we can! though poor
 At best that offering be,
 Our hearts to LUTZ go out! Now score
 In notes and gold may he!

"So mote it be!" And so, no doubt, will it be. Here's his health, and all their healths, for the "MEYER the Merrier," and may he, the *bénéficiaire*, "live long and prosper!" *Prosit*.

AN OPINION ON PALMISTRY.

I BEG to say that I am flattered to have been desired by the Editor of the leading forensic journal (himself a member of the Bar) to give an opinion upon the merits or demerits—as governed by the incidents of the case—of palmistry. I will not enter into the question whether palmistry comes under the category of obtaining money under false pretences, or any kindred misdemeanour. I will merely use my powers of observation—which may be taken to comprise a trained legal intellect, for I passed, after not a few years of earnest intellectual endeavour, the examination necessary to securing my admission to the Outer Bar, and kept all my dining terms with the same object—to the sifting of the *bonâ fides* of the palmist *qua* palmist, and not *qua* possible infringer of the laws of the country. For the sake of convenience and also to render my opinion more palatable to the general reader I will break up my “points” under italic side-headings.

Personal Appearance of the Palmist.—Decidedly prepossessing. Costume in excellent taste. Just a touch of the Oriental in the shape of an Egyptian necklace and a *souçon* of the barbaric in the gold-mounted shark's-tooth brooch. Soft voice—softer touch.

Mode of Procedure.—She begged me to show her both my hands. First she examined them palms uppermost, then palms reversed. Then she pondered and told me I had been married. She added that I would be married again. This saddened me, as I have kept my silver wedding, and would be glad to celebrate the golden or even diamond anniversary of my nuptials.

True Indications of my Disposition.—She said I am “generous to a fault.” I am. I gave sixpence to a crossing sweeper one Christmas Eve ten or eleven years ago. That I am “almost too conscientious.” I am. The assessor of income tax is entirely wrong, or nearly entirely wrong, in the view he has taken for many years past concerning my return. I am “very fond of dress.” I am. I have kept a favourite frock coat in constant use for the last ten years. I am very fond of it. “When once I make up my mind to anything, I do it.” Absolutely correct. The more so that I never make up my mind about anything. If I did, of course I should do it.

Questionable indications.—My delineator informed me that I was “cut out to be a soldier.” This may be so, but it is only right to say that when I joined the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers I never succeeded in getting my dismissal from drill. The military evolution technically known as “forming fours” was an insuperable difficulty to my advancement. However, if I had received rapid promotion and

had become Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, there is no knowing what I might have done. I am very fair as a tactician as may be gathered from the fact that I am frequently successful in a game of draughts. I am also a dangerous opponent—when my player is not too strong—at dominoes. On the other side, it is only right to admit that I know very little of chess, and am an unpopular partner at bridge.

Final impression.—There is something in it. I was led to this conclusion by the palmist (who did not, however, pretend to reveal the secrets of the future) informing me that it was “highly probable that I should some day become Lord Chancellor.” This has been my opinion for the last thirty years—in fact, since the date of my “call” supper. And that I have made considerable progress in this direction may be assumed by the layman. To my colleagues at the Bar I can adduce a few facts in support of my contention. I may mention for their information that during last term I made no less than three applications—certainly in the same action, but the action is one of very considerable importance—to a Master in Chambers, and already this term have been entrusted with the responsible office of holding a watching brief.

And with this observation I conclude my opinion. My impression of palmistry may be summed up in five words—there is something in it.

(Signed) A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pumphandle Court,
November 18, 1901.

THE FLIGHT OF FANCY.

I THINK the joke extremely good
And marvel at my buoyant mood;
The point is clear, the humour terse,
I'll sketch it in an easy verse.

The joke is good; I think how JONES
Will greet it with his cheery tones:
I laugh to think how many times
JONES has exploded at my rhymes.

Still, as I think, the joke somehow
Less rich in humour seems to grow;
The point so clear, the wit so terse
Seems less adapted to a verse.

The subtle point so deftly made
Within my mind begins to fade.
The quaint allusions cease to lend
Charm to an unexpected end.

I take it from another view,
I turn it round—it will not do;
The parts I most had chuckled at
Appear now singularly flat.

Yet still the joke I ponder o'er,
Though now to me a joke no more,
Though blurred by every changing
mood,—

And still I think the joke *was* good.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE FOG.

“TRUTH is stranger than fiction,” and especially strange are the truths recorded hereunder, and based upon accounts which are but now beginning to come in, relating to the late awful visitation of fog. Amongst them we learn that:—

The skipper of a cargo boat feeling her way up the Thames was shot overboard by the sudden blowing of the syren. Of course, the unfortunate man was drowned: this was a fog-horn—beg pardon, fore-gone conclusion.

In the heavy muck of Regent Street, one gentleman's hand was found in another's watch-pocket. Questioned by a constable, he said that he had not the remotest notion how it got there. The constable said that that was “too thin”; and, subsequently, the magistrate said, “three months.”

One gentleman was actually obliged to go to bed in his boots, as the fog made it quite impossible for him to find his own feet.

There have been several well authenticated instances of men who—owing to the thickness of the fog—actually annexed their neighbours' drinks whilst standing in Fleet Street bars.

Several curious mistakes have been made at the clubs over umbrellas and overcoats, all the more remarkable as in nearly every instance members took new articles, leaving behind them old and worn-out ones.

Fog was responsible for a singular mistake in the neighbourhood of Lancaster Gate, where a person was seen to climb up over the portico and enter a house by the first-floor window. His subsequent explanation to the policeman was that he was under the impression that it was his own house, and that, for the sake of exercise, he was always in the habit of entering in that way. Without going so far as to reject this explanation, the learned magistrate thought that during a seven days' remand matters of interest on the subject of this gentleman's antecedents might possibly come to light, and so, for the present, the case stands. The police at large are earnestly hoping that we may have no more serious visitations of the fog flend this side of Christmas.

“AYE, AYE, SIR!”—The announcement that ANDERSON CRITCHETT, the well-known oculist, has recently received the honour of knighthood is “a sight for sore eyes.” Sir ANDERSON, or rather Sir ANDY, is indeed one of the best practical illustrations of “The ‘Andy Man’” in his particular line that Mr. Punch can call to mind. So Mr. P., raising his glass to his eye, previous to lowering it to his lips, says heartily, “Congratulations to you, my dear ‘Sir’!”



Young Lady, "I DO THINK YOU ARE CLEVER, AUNT, TO BE ABLE TO ARGUE WITH THE DOCTOR ABOUT SOCIOLOGY!"

Aunt, "I'VE ONLY BEEN CONCEALING MY IGNORANCE, DEAR."

Dr. Bilks (gallantly), "OH NO, MISS KNOWLES, QUITE THE CONTRARY!"



Parson. "WHY, JOHN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

John. "IT BE TOO WET TO WORK, ZUE."

Parson. "WELL, IF IT'S TOO WET TO WORK, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?"

John. "WULL, MY OLD 'OOMAN, SHE DO JAW SO!"

THE HERMIT OF SAINT ROUIN.

[*"Saint Rouin, the place of pilgrimage in Argonne, is without a hermit. The last of these anchorites was not exactly an object of veneration to the faithful of the neighbourhood. This old Zouave was not averse to using bad language, or to begging in the village and apostrophising in lurid French mixed with Arabic those who refused him alms. Moreover, he was rather too fond of the bottle. On his death the Bishop of Verdun deemed it advisable not to nominate a successor."*—*Magasin Pittoresque*.]

To sit in solitary spot
With contemplative air,
This is the unexciting lot
That hermits love to bear,
And prayer
Should be their constant care.

But he was of another hue:
Your alms he would implore,
And if you offered him a sou
With oaths he asked for more.
O Lor'!
How shockingly he swore!

Nor had he that ascetic turn
A hermit ought to sport:

For alcohol his soul did yearn—
Beer, brandy, sherry, port.

In short
He worshipped every sort.
With many a pilgrim passing by
Was many a bottle cracked,
And many a double-seeing eye
This holy hermit blacked.

In fact
There's scarce a crime he lacked.
At last this anchorite became
Of nuisances the chief,
And when he left his mortal frame
The sighs for him were brief.

Relief
Was felt instead of grief.
And now beside Saint Rouin fair
Good pilgrims feel no qualms
To see a drunken hermit there
Stretch forth his grimy palms
For alms
With oaths instead of psalms.

And in this tragic tale, I vow,
A moral one may see
For all who are good hermits now
Or ever hope to be—

i.e.
They ought to be T.T.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Bill of Fare (from the Archives of a London Restaurant.)" This quaint document has been supposed by philologists to be written in a kind of French. There appears to have been a superstition of some tenacity that dishes would taste inadequately or indelicately if labelled in the vulgar tongue. Thanks, however, to the labours of the various Professors of Cookery at the Universities of Peckham, Joeburg, Toowoomba, Oklahoma and Medicine Hat, the resources of the Anglaustreamerican language have long been found equal to the task.

NOT THE FASHION IN NATAL.

THERE was a young lady of Durban,
Who imported a Paris-made turban.

It was blue, green and red,
But the natives all said
That the style was remote and suburban.

Compassionate Gentleman (to bandaged stranger). I'm afraid you've been badly wounded in the war, my poor fellow!

Bandaged Stranger. No. I got a trifle knocked in our last football match!



DISSEMBLED LOVE.

"IT IS A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION THAT WE HAVE FOUND SUCH A KINDLY FEELING AND SUCH A CORRECT ATTITUDE ON THE PART OF ALL THE GREAT POWERS."—Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Guildhall.

[Effigies of the Colonial Secretary have recently been burnt on the Continent."—*Daily Paper*.]

=
A
(
t
p
l
a
(
e
E
t
o
t
n
t
a
s
d
w
a
o
a
t
t
t
e
T
a
p
a
w
fr
lo
p
“
li
h
th
ti
is
to
lo
d
T
ju
u
e
ti
b
u
p
e
fa
to
t
u
n
p
t
b
r
w
w

A "SORT" OF INTERNICOTINE WAR. (Telegrams from Our Special Fumiste at the Front.)

Nov. 7.—Trouble has been brewing upon the Guinea Gold Coast for several weeks past. The Pigaden tribe left Somaliland last September, under the leadership of

a new headman (known, curiously enough, by the English title of "Duke"), with the avowed object of raiding British territory.

Nov. 8.—It has now transpired that quite a month ago certain emissaries of the Pigadens in disguise were especially active in endeavouring to win adherents among the more influential members of the British mercantile community. These enterprising advance agents appear to have been amply supplied with funds, but failed to shake the loyalty of our compatriots.

Nov. 9.—The "Duke" or Khalifa of the Pigadens has to-day reached the British frontier. His manner is distinctly minatory, and his followers are openly defiant.

Nov. 9 (later).—The Pigadens have just forwarded an ultimatum to the effect that the British territory will be invaded in force unless the whole plant, assets and control of every

factory within the same be handed over to them before the expiry of the next twenty-four hours. Our authorities, as usual, have only just woke up to the necessity of a counter-move, and an Imperial force is on the march in the direction of . . . (here follows a blank, deleted by the Censor.)

Nov. 10.—No answer having been received to the ultimatum, the terms of which are considered in the capital to be wantonly provocative by all except a

small Pro-Pigaden faction who advocate a "climb-down," the enemy has proclaimed a "Jehad," or Holy War. This means that they will fight to the death, and give no quarter. Their flag is a crude combination of red and white bars with a number of white patches on a blue ground in one of the upper corners. It is reported that the

Nov. 12.—The enemy have reached the capital, and have signalled the event by issuing a list of persons captured, which fills three whole pages of an evening journal. The Philipinos have promptly replied with a patriotic counterblast spread over four pages of a rival print, without, however, specifying any "bag"

of prisoners. The Imperial commander-in-chief appears to be playing a waiting game.

Nov. 13.—Smoke-creating tactics have been adopted by both sides, leaving the issue at present obscure. A general engagement is in progress, and the war promises to be interminable. The Pigadens have now declared for annexation pure and simple, while the Imperialists are fighting for independence. There is an enormous output of nicotine and deadly explosives of a similar kind, which even urchins of tender years are being taught to handle. Some of the captured traders are beginning to complain of the rigours of the invaders' concentration camps.

Nov. 14.—The Pro-Pigadens and Pipe-of-Peace Clique are making frantic efforts, but without success, to induce the patriotic party to throw up the sponge. Their efforts to bring

about a conference between the opposing generals have so far ended in smoke.

Nov. 15.—This war, in a formal sense—Hullo, they're turning the lights out in the smoking-room of my club, and I must catch the last bus home to the suburbs.

A. A. S.

SOMETIMES in good and sometimes in bad temper,

"Fœmina varium et mutabile semper."



H.R.H. GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.

"I KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU WILL MAINTAIN THE PRESTIGE OF THE TITLE. IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO INCREASE IT."

Pigaden watch-word is "Trust or Bust."

Nov. 11.—The Imperial combined columns have at last taken the field against the invaders, but their mobility leaves something to be . . . (passage struck out by Censor). They have been reinforced by the Philipinos, a contingent that are quite English, in spite of their designation. A number of small traders, I regret to say, have gone over to the Pro-Pigaden party, and probably other waverers will follow.

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—MR. A. J. BALFOUR'S London house. The Right Honourable gentleman's bedroom. Discovered, Mr. BALFOUR in bed. To him enter A. W.

A. W. Good morning, Mr. BALFOUR. I am very sorry indeed to find that you are ill.

Mr. B. (*yawning*). On the contrary I'm in the best of health. But I don't get up so ridiculously early as some fellows. It's only half past eleven now. What have you come about? I hope you don't want a literary pension from the Civil List. One of those wretched things gave me an immense amount of trouble some time ago.

A. W. No, thank you. I only wanted a little chat on public affairs.

Mr. B. Oh, that's all right. Please chat about anything you like, except golf. Nothing annoys me more than a man talking golf, unless he understands it perfectly. Some fellows are always talking golf. Besides, one must have some recreation. That's why I devote part of my leisure to statesmanship. It bores me horribly, but it is a change from golf. You won't mind if I finish this novel while you're chatting? It's one of GYP's last. How dreadfully poor her books have been since she first dragged in politics! She's really quite tedious now. What were you saying?

A. W. I wasn't saying anything. I was delighted to hear your views on current literature.

Mr. B. I'm glad you think the same. And BOURGET is so long-winded, and ZOLA is still more long-winded and quite impossible with all his surgical horrors, and PIERRE LOTI writes in newspapers, and the brothers MARGUERITE bore one with war news of 1870, still more like newspapers, only old ones. Really I think I shall have to try MARIE CORELLI.

A. W. When I came in, and saw you in bed, I was afraid you were suffering from vaccination. In fact, I hoped I should hear your views on the "conscientious objector." I believe you started that name. (*A pause.*) Can he be asleep?

[Mr. BALFOUR'S book falls with a crash on the floor.

Mr. B. (*starting up*). What's that? Oh, I beg your pardon! That's the worst of reading in bed. One's almost sure to fall asleep. It always seems so snug, but it isn't really very comfortable after all. If you lie on your back you can't see properly, and the book slips forward on your nose, and if you lie on your side you get pins and needles in your arm. It is difficult to get a really comfortable position anywhere, isn't it? In the House I put my feet on the table, but the edge of that's very sharp against one's ankles. We ought to have sofas, only the space is so cramped. I'll just ring for my man to

pick up that book. Oh, please don't! You really are too kind. It's so difficult to lean out of bed to pick up a book. One's apt to fall out after it, and that is so very uncomfortable. I'm afraid I interrupted you.

A. W. I was only asking your views on vaccination.

Mr. B. Ah, that's a thing I really know nothing about. I believe there was some talk about it some time ago. I never can remember statistics and that sort of thing. They bore me dreadfully. But there's somebody called BERNARD SHAW, who wrote a book, or a treatise, or something on the subject, called *Arms and the Man*. That ought to tell you all about it. I have an idea he considers himself an expert on the subject. Come to that, why not consult your own doctor? I've only one more page left.

A. W. (*with hesitation*). If it is not asking you to reveal state secrets I should be so glad if you could give me any idea of the character of the mysterious information about the war which was hinted at by Lord SALISBURY at the Guildhall. But please don't let me appear inquisitive. In fact, in reference to the situation in South Africa, you might prefer to give me your private opinion in vague terms.

Mr. B. (*flinging the book on the floor*). Worse and worse!

A. W. (*excitedly*). What? You don't mean to say it's as bad as that? And everyone hoping it was getting near the end.

Mr. B. It's finished, thank goodness!

A. W. (*indignantly*). How can you say that? It's what you've been saying all along. Really, Mr. BALFOUR, you must excuse me if I say that something ought to be done.

Mr. B. (*drowsily*). Done, did you say? What can be done?

A. W. (*more indignantly*). You ask me that? How on earth should I know? It's as bad as that senseless—excuse me, that strange remark about the Man in the Street. If you and the others don't know what to do, with all the wonderful secret information you have, or ought to have, how can I? Really, I must say there never can have been a more absent-minded collection of dreamers. But it's no use talking, there must be something (*emphatically*) to be done.

Mr. B. (*waking up with a start*). There! you said it again. But what can be done? The only way is not to bother about such tedious twaddle.

A. W. (*still more indignantly*). Tedious twaddle, you call it? Really, Mr. BALFOUR, it is difficult to find words to express what I think.

Mr. B. Oh, come now, it's not so bad as that. She's a clever woman, only she has written less well since she thought she was carried off to the suburbs of Paris, and munched that carrot out in the fields.

A. W. What woman? What carrot?

Mr. B. Why, GYP, of course.

A. W. I wasn't talking about GYP, but about the war.

Mr. B. (*drowsily*). Oh, if it's anything about a war, you must ask my friend BRODRICK. I'm a perfect ignoramus in such matters. They bore me dreadfully if I even think about them. So I don't. Don't you see?

A. W. If that's the case I have nothing more to ask. Good-bye. (*A pause.*) He's asleep again. (*Loudly.*) Good-bye, Mr. BALFOUR.

Mr. B. (*drowsily*). Oh, good-night! Good-bye, I mean. [*Exit A. W.*]

[*The scene and Mr. BALFOUR'S eyes close simultaneously.* H. D. B.]

A PRECIOUS TEAR.

[*"An American woman carries about with her a crystal locket in which she claims that one of M. PADEREWSKI'S tears is enshrined."*—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN the day is dark and dreary,
And my heart is worn and weary,
Then I fumble in my dress about the rear,
Till I find the cunning pocket
Whence I take this crystal locket,
And I gaze on PADEREWSKI'S precious tear.

Women friends to whom I've shown it
Say they'd give the world to own it,
And they offer me the ransom of a peer—
Which they'd give with satisfaction
For a teeny weeny fraction
Of my master PADEREWSKI'S precious tear.

And they come in hundreds thronging,
And they gaze with eyes of longing
On the relic in its crystal bright and clear;
But although they madly covet,
Far too dearly do I love it
To distribute PADEREWSKI'S precious tear.

For I watched it slowly straying
Down his nose as he was playing,
And I vowed a vow 'twixt trembling hope
and fear—

If I caught it I would perish
Ere I ever ceased to cherish
In its crystal PADEREWSKI'S precious tear.

So when Philistines unsouly
Come and mock my relic holy
With a vulgar jest and idiotic sneer,
Then again I seek the pocket
And restore the crystal locket
Which contains my PADEREWSKI'S precious tear.

MEDITATIONS.—"Screwed as an owl" is a simile certainly not founded on fact. Birds, beasts and fishes do not, as a rule, become intoxicated by drink. If a "grig" be merry, yet he remains sober. "Drunk as a fly" is the only exception; flies being undoubtedly easily overcome, as, too, in a less degree, are wasps and drones, unable to resist a sweetened beer trap. There is one exception to the rule of equine sobriety, and that is a horse when he's "groggy."



THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE MINISTER."—A SEQUEL.

(With apologies to Mr. J. M. Barrie.)

THE REV. GAVIN DISHART ROSEBERY RECEIVES BACK THE KEYS OF THE "MANSE." HIS RECEPTION BY THE ELDERS, HOWEVER, IS NOT EXACTLY OF WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A UNANIMOUS OR AN UPROARIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC CHARACTER.

JACOB AND HIS MASTER.

PART I.

THE dreadful and dreaded funeral ceremony was at an end; the friends and relatives of the deceased—distant relatives, most of them, who had come from a distance—were dispersing; the will, which disposed of a most exiguous estate, had been duly read; the chief mourner, accompanied by the only friend left to him in the wide world, slipped softly out of the grim, grey house and sat himself down on the outskirts of an adjoining pine-copse to think things over. A mournful little chief mourner he was (though with a stout heart beneath his waistcoat and a sensible head under his cap), and his only friend, pressed close to him by an encircling arm, knew better than to attempt boisterous consolation. Even in those early days of excitable puppyhood that true and shaggy friend of his had grave moods, as well as profound instincts. Airdale terriers, indeed, are almost always prone to contemplate life in its more serious aspects.

BOB CRACROFT's life, as it presented itself to him on that windy March afternoon, offered a picture, present and future, which looked serious enough. He had been very fond of his father, who had met with instantaneous death in the hunting-field only a few days before, and whose obsequies he had been summoned by telegraph to attend—so fond, that he had to bite his lips and postpone reflections upon that subject until friendly darkness and bed-time should supervene. He wished just now to bring his mind, if he could, to bear upon the question of what was going to become of him. To this he had been unable to disentangle any lucid reply from the puzzling phrasology of the legal document which had been recited in his presence; only he had gathered from sundry whispered remarks that there would be very little money for him and no home. Something had been audibly said about the necessity of letting Kirkhall, and the probable difficulty of discovering a tenant for the place. Poor little grey Kirkhall!—wild and forbidding on its bleak hillside, under the low northern sky, yet dear from its association with many happy holidays—small likelihood, in truth, was there of eager competition for such a residence. The thought might not have been wholly discomfiting, had Kirkhall been BOB's own property; but that, he supposed, could not be the case.

That, however, was the case; and his uncle, THEODORE CRACROFT, having desisted from the dining-room window, was even now stepping lightly across the grass to inform him that he was, amongst other things, a landowner *in statu pupillari*. This tall, slim, carefully-attired gentleman, with whom his elder brother, a man wholly addicted to field sports, had never cared to maintain close relations, was known to BOB only by name and by vague, unflattering reputation. In circles less rustic THEODORE CRACROFT enjoyed some considerable reputation as a rising barrister and a not ungraceful contributor to contemporary literature. If at that particular moment he looked a little cross and impatient, excuses must be made for him. Who, after a long journey into stern, northern wilds, terminating with a funeral and with the agreeable discovery that he has been constituted sole guardian of an ill-provided-for orphan, can be expected to look pleased? But THEODORE endeavoured to make the best of a bad job. He said, in a tone of kindly remonstrance:

"My dear boy, this really isn't weather for sitting out of doors. Jump up before the east wind freezes the marrow of your bones!"

BOB rose slowly. "I don't mind it, thanks," he answered; "I rather like it."

"Do you indeed? I wish I did! Is that queer-looking mongrel yours?"

BOB was too much shocked and taken aback to make any immediate reply. That that flat head, that long muzzle, that perfect blue-grey and tan coat, those strong, straight legs and round feet should be pronounced the attributes of a "queer-

looking mongrel" was indeed a startling revelation of ignorance! The only rejoinder that could be made was, "I suppose you don't know much about Airdales."

"Absolutely nothing," Mr. CRACROFT confessed, good-humouredly enough. "If he is a prize specimen of the breed, I beg to offer him my apologies. What do you call him?"

"Jacob Faithful," answered the boy, adding explanatorily: "I named him after a favourite character of mine in a book."

"Oh, yes," said the other, laughing. "I am acquainted with the book. One has heard of Captain MARRYAT, though one isn't familiar with the points of an Airdale. I'm glad you have a liking for sea stories; you can't do better than stick to the sea—can't do better!"

What he meant was, that the boy could not do better than adopt a profession which would render him as little as possible of a nuisance to his guardian. "But," he resumed, pinching his chin meditatively, "I presume that you won't be allowed to take Mr. Jacob Faithful back to the *Britannia* with you?"

"Oh, no," answered BOB, with a sorrowful shake of the head; "that isn't allowed."

"H'm!—and as your home henceforth, during the holidays, will have to be my London chambers——"

"Am I to live with you, Sir?" asked the boy quickly.

THEODORE responded by a shrug of the shoulders, which seemed to imply pretty plainly that the arrangement was not one of his seeking. He laid bare the situation in a few concise sentences. "Your poor father seems, unfortunately, to have lived for many years beyond the limits of his small income. He has left some money—just enough, perhaps, to defray the expenses of your education and give you a start in life. As for this modest estate, which is to be held in trust for you until you come of age, I am afraid it is likely to cost all that it will bring in. Well, one must take things as they come. I don't suppose you will like London at first; but, in the ordinary course of matters, you will be going to sea before very long."

"What about Jake, though?" BOB anxiously inquired.

"Oh, Jacob Faithful, eh? Well—upon my word, I hardly know——"

He was almost inclined to say that he would take charge of the dog, whose rough head he stooped down to pat; but, unluckily, Jacob, who, for all his tact and wisdom, was still very young, misinterpreted this advance and jumped to unwarranted conclusions. He had, of course, heard his name, and had very likely divined that his fate was under discussion: he settled it by flinging himself impulsively upon the stranger and barking aloud, as who should say, "I thank you, Sir; you are a better fellow than I took you for, after all!"

"Get down, you brute!" called out Mr. CRACROFT, stepping back and brushing the imprint of muddy paws off his black coat. To the boy he said, "Dogs are out of the question in London, you know—a burden to themselves and everybody else. You will have to part with this one, I'm afraid."

"He's an awfully obedient dog," BOB remarked, with the air of one who merely states a fact and asks no favour.

"I doubt whether I should find him so. Besides, I couldn't spare time to give him the exercise necessary to keep him in health. There really isn't room for a dog in my very occupied life."

"I suppose," said BOB, "he couldn't be left here, could he?"

"Not very well; we hope to let the house, you see. You had better, I should say, present Jacob Faithful to somebody in the neighbourhood who will be kind to him."

"All right," answered the boy.

He himself was obedient and accustomed to discipline: also he was proud and a bit of a stoic; furthermore, he had taken stock of his guardian, who struck him as ill-adapted to exercise control over a high-spirited animal. THEODORE CRACROFT, pleased and somewhat surprised by BOB's ready submission, patted him on the shoulder, said a few words which were

intended to be approving and encouraging, mentioned that they would both have to leave on the morrow, and presently retired into the house. He must write some letters before the post went out, he remarked—perhaps as a hint that he did not wish to be disturbed.

BOB was innocent of any desire to intrude upon his guardian, whose back he was relieved to see. He consulted the silver watch which his father had given him on his last birthday, found that there would be plenty of time to walk over to Horsley Park upon an errand which had become imperative, and started across the fields towards his destination with plodding

grounds would be a rare bit of luck, and he was conscious of not being at present in luck's way. Luck, however, is of all phenomena the most capricious, and he had not trudged many yards along one of the shrubberies which surrounded the imposing white mansion before he found himself face to face with PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE herself, unattended (oh, joy!) by the formidable German lady whose duty it was to keep a vigilant eye upon her movements.

"BOB!" exclaimed the little girl, throwing out both her hands towards him with an impulsive gesture of pity and sympathy; "I was just thinking about you. I—I'm so dreadfully sorry!"



THE FIRST SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, there is evidence to show that the Welsh discovered America a long time before Columbus.]

steps and a rather heavy heart, Jacob Faithful trotting quietly at his heels.

"Hold up, Jacob," he said presently; "don't be dismal, old man. It's going to be all right for you."

So Jacob ranged on ahead, affecting an access of high spirits and pursuing invisible rabbits. It was quite true that he was a very obedient dog.

Horsley Park, the residence of Mr. DUNCOMBE, M.P., was situated at a distance of some four miles from Kirkhall as the crow flies. Within an hour BOB had reached the confines of the extensive gardens and, dropping his elbows upon an iron railing which separated these from the park, paused to consider. He did not very much want to present himself at the front door and be stared at by the butler and a couple of cheeky footmen; but that, in all probability, was what he would have to do. To come across PHYLLIS and her governess somewhere in the

The boy nodded, tightened the set of his mouth and grasped the little hands extended to him in his own rather big and red ones. He understood, and he was grateful; but there are subjects which cannot be talked about without danger of incurring personal disgrace. So all he said was:

"I thought I would just come up and see if you were anywhere about. I want you to do me a favour, if you will."

"Oh, but of course I will do anything I can for you, BOB—anything!" the girl cried, with shining eyes.

She was a very pretty little girl, and her grey eyes were most pleasant to look upon. BOB thought so, and had always thought so; although it had never before been his privilege to gaze into them at such close quarters, for Miss PHYLLIS knew how to keep admirers in their proper place. Just then, no doubt, she was moved by compassion, and willing, perhaps, to unbend to an extent of which no gentleman ought to take advantage.

Realising this, BOB relinquished her hands, sighed and went on: "It's only about Jake. Will you have him? He's no trouble in the house, and he never fights unless he's attacked. He ought to have bones sometimes for the sake of his teeth; but I wouldn't give him any meat, if I were you. You'll find him awfully affectionate."

"You are never going to part with Jacob!" exclaimed the girl.

"Well, I must, you see. I'm under orders from an uncle of mine who lives in London, and who isn't particularly fond of dogs. And I don't know," added BOB meditatively, "that I should care about trusting him with a dog even if he was. Now you do know a well-bred one from a mongrel; so I should feel a lot happier if Jake were yours."

"Jake will never be anybody's but yours," Miss PHYLLIS declared; "but I'll take care of him for you—oh, I'll take the greatest care of him!—until you have a home of your own again and send for him."

Jacob, who had seated himself between the couple, and had been turning his head from one to the other during the above dialogue, looked wistfully up at her. She stooped and kissed him, receiving a huge lick in return. BOB also kissed the dog: if he selected the same spot for his salute as had been hallowed by the touch of PHYLLIS's lips, that may have been a mere coincidence. At any rate, the gruff, rather husky accents in which he presently addressed her were suggestive of no silly sentimentality.

"I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a pair of scissors about you, have you?"

PHYLLIS was sorry that she had not.

"Oh, well, never mind! I'll manage it with my knife. I only wanted a bit of the old chap's hair, in case I shouldn't ever see him again."

He managed it with his knife—which was a blunt one—while Jacob, without a whimper of remonstrance, wagged his stump of a tail up and down. One of Jacob's idiosyncrasies (unique in the experience of the present historian) was that he always wagged his tail perpendicularly, instead of horizontally. This, somehow or other, lent a certain dignity to the demonstration and seemed to accord with the serious trend of his character. It was with his honest, anxious, yellowish eyes that he was wont to smile, and the smile so plainly visible therein now was full of anxiety. Too full of it to be contemplated by BOB, who hastily averted his head and turned once more to the little girl.

"I say," he began.

"Well," she returned, "what do you say?"

"I suppose you wouldn't—you'll think me no end of an ass, I expect—but, might I have a bit of yours too?"

"A bit of what?" PHYLLIS innocently inquired; though she knew well enough.

"You've got a tremendous lot of it, you know," BOB urged; "you wouldn't miss just a scrap of it off the ends."

She had, indeed, a tremendous lot of it for her age; it fell in a thick golden-bronze shower below her waist, and often, while it was being combed, she lamented its abnormal density.

Yet she could not, even to please a poor boy who had just lost his father and was about to lose his dog, make the implored sacrifice without a little more pressure. Although she was only fourteen, she was not ignorant of the powers and prerogatives which are the birthrights of her sex.

"Oh, BOBBY," she expostulated laughingly, "don't be ridiculous!"

BOB could not bear to be called BOBBY, and was not fond of being thought ridiculous; but, as he wanted that lock of hair rather badly, he had the courage to persist. After some further debate, he carried his point; the blunt instrument was once more called into requisition and a treasure, which was destined to remain with him for many years to come, was safely stowed away in his waistcoat pocket. Then, in answer to PHYLLIS's queries, he drew a succinct anticipatory sketch of his coming career, so far as it admitted of forecast. In about eighteen months he would pass out of the *Britannia*—as midshipman, he hoped—and would at once proceed to sea. He would, he said,

have "precious little to live upon" beyond his pay; but sooner or later a big war was bound to come and bring rapid promotion to those who survived it. Anyhow, there were always little wars going on, and in these a Naval Brigade was always engaged. With ordinary luck, a fellow might expect to be posted before his beard was grey, and then—

"What then?" PHYLLIS inquired.

"Then," answered the boy, with determination, "I shall settle down at Kirkhall. That is, of course, between my commands."

"It seems rather a long time to wait," observed PHYLLIS pensively. "Let me see; you are fifteen now"—she began checking off the decades on her fingers—"twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-five—thirty years! Jacob won't be here when you come back to live at Kirkhall."

"No, nor you either," returned BOB sadly. "Well, it can't be helped. Don't forget a fellow, that's all!"

She gave him an unhesitating promise that she would never do that; she even (but this is a great secret) bestowed upon him at the last moment an intoxicating pledge of remembrance which went near to depriving him of his wits. However, he had presence of mind enough to return it with interest. Then he took the dog's chin in his hand and said, in a hoarse, but steady voice:

"Jacob Faithful, this is your mistress. You are going to live with her now; you don't belong to me any more. Be a good dog, and stay where you are. Goodbye, dear old chap—goodbye!"

BOB left rather abruptly, without once looking back; the laurels and the rhododendrons soon concealed him from view, and Jacob made no attempt to follow him.

Jacob, fully realising the situation, remained squatted upon his haunches, threw up his nose and gave one long, low moan; while the little girl, flinging herself upon her knees beside him, pressed him to her heart and wept aloud.

W. E. N.

(To be continued.)



QUITE THE RIGHT SORT OF LINK-BOY.